

## UP-STATE BOSSES AGHAST AT CITY'S HOOCH ACTIVITY

Tried to Put Police in a Hole,  
But It Looks the Other  
Way 'Round.

BIG AID TO TAMMANY.

Miller and Party Leaders Can't  
Escape Logic of Drastic  
Enforcement.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ALBANY, April 12.—Up-State Republican legislators in imposing the Prohibition Enforcement Act upon the State with particular reference to New York City's discomfiture played what was considered shrewd politics. Now the New York City police are playing shrewder politics in enforcing it with an exasperating strictness that is giving the aid up-State leaders no end of concern. A new Assembly comes back next winter and a new Governor will be in Albany Jan. 1, 1923.

The solemn and painstaking enthusiasm with which Commissioner Dwight, doubtless advised by far-sighted Tammany statesmen no less than the command of the Legislature, is clouding the up-State politicians' happy brow. The legislative managers, not excepting Gov. Miller, it is understood, believed they had put the New York City Administration in a hole. They were waiting with curiosity to learn just what pliancy would be used to defeat the rigid enforcement of the law in the big city. Nothing was more certain than that the new law was going to put Hyman and Enright and the rest entirely in their hands, along with the justification of a grand muckraking display with "probe" and "track" and all the other political tools which make fine political capital without constructive results.

**ENFORCING THE LAW WITH A VENGEANCE.**

Instead of which Mr. Enright, laying all other business aside, is devoting all his powers and his 11,000 well-disciplined men to enforcing the new law—enforcing it as though it expressed the divine will of a unanimous electorate. He is confiscating automobiles in which the possessor of a suspicious looking flask rides; his men are grabbing up glasses from restaurant tables and sniffing and tasting the contents and setting them back in front of disgusted diners without so much as an apology; women's handbags and men's hip pockets are being pawed over; detectives climb fire escapes sniffing the wafted odor of boiling malt or hops.

No such drastic use of police power to enforce prohibition was ever known in the most virtuous days of Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, South Carolina and Texas in their self-imposed prohibition periods before the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The answer of Mr. Enright to the indignant and disgusted community—whose its policy is not soft, even though it turns away wrath.

"It is the law," he says. "I didn't make it. But you heard what the Governor said? If we did not enforce it, as he knew we could enforce it, he would remove the Mayor and remove me. Unmistakably he means he wishes the law enforced; he is the Governor. If you don't like it, go ask the Legislature and the Governor to change the law and my orders. I regret your unhappiness; but I beg to invite your attention to the fact the law is no less the law because it was enacted and signed by a Republican Legislature and a Republican Governor."

**STRENGTHENING TAMMANY AT EVERY TURN.**

While Mr. Enright is pulling a record of arrests he is pulling the foundations out from under the hopes of an overturn of Tammany in next fall's election—of which the up-State Board of Directors of the ruling party were so sure only a few days ago that they were brushing aside with easy contempt proposals for an anti-Tammany fusion ticket next fall as an unnecessary mortgage on the certain success of a straight Republican ticket.

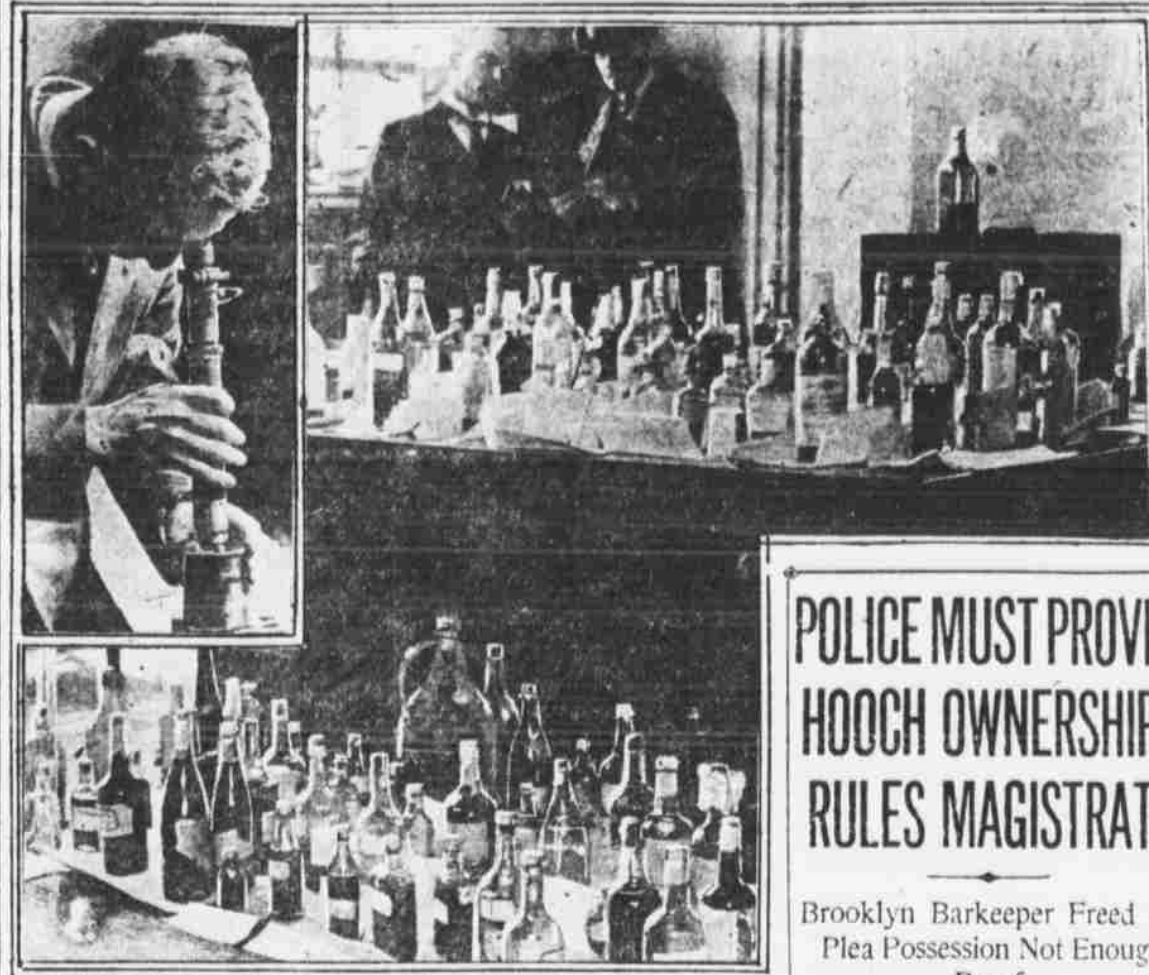
Theodore Roosevelt used to have a story about a bad man of the Bad Lands in Montana, near one of the Roosevelt ranches, who was known only as "The Pike." A crusading stranger came to town and essayed to lick "The Pike" publicly and destroy his noxious prestige. Roosevelt happened along after the battle had been waging for nearly half an hour.

"The Pike" was on his back. The stranger was straddling him, his knees on the Pike's outstretched arms and was belaboring the Pike's features with a large and knobby stone.

Roosevelt said that as he ran up to interfere with the brutal spectacle he became aware that the stranger, nearly out of breath, was appealing to the bystanders in agonized tones for help.

"Take me off'n him!" he was gasping. "Fer Gawd's sake take me off'n him! He's strin' me out!"

## City's Chemical Laboratory Clogged By the Police Seizures of Hooch



E. J. KELLEY JR.,  
CITY CHEMIST

EVIDENCE ON RECORD

**Chief Kenney and Chemist  
Kelley Swamped—In Three  
Hours Enough Evidence for  
Analysis Comes In to Keep  
Working Force Busy for a  
Year and Flood Promises to  
Keep Up Indefinitely.**

What to do? That is the problem of the Board of Purchase-Laboratory, No. 125 Worth Street, which has been swamped by the high tide of Prohibition. All life-boats have been manned, but there is no haven in sight.

Yesterday, in three hours, enough evidence for analysis came in to keep the present force busy for three months, if it happened to be lucky. If it wasn't lucky, it might take a year.

In the olden days, before the State Prohibition Law went into effect, City Chemist Edward J. Kelley Jr. had his hands full analyzing all samples of narcotics, liquor or alleged poisons which were brought in by the police of the five boroughs of New York City. He not only had to determine the character of the evidence, but also appear in court after it had been decided and testify concerning each individual case.

A reporter for The Evening World went to the laboratory yesterday to see if the new law had caused any rush of business. He met Frederick J. Kenney, the Director, in the elevator.

"Any change?" snorted Mr. Kenney. "We're swamped with business. We've had more this morning than in any week previous."

On the fourth floor Kara Waterhouse, the policeman who records the cases, was found perspiring copiously and looking very much disturbed. Before him were a dozen detectives, each with a bottle of evidence.

On the tables, on the floor, in the closets, in every available space, were bottles of hooch. Kara was putting them away as fast as he could for numbering and recording, but was making little progress.

"I haven't time to think. Look around you," he said when asked for a report on the situation.

Then he went on, putting away the bottles and sweating.

Mr. Kelly was found desperately analyzing evidence. He poured it from a bottle which looked like the days gone by, watched it closely through some instrument, made notes, and then started on the next sample. He also had no time to talk, but between analyses the reporter managed to get the following information:

"Every drop of liquor seized by the police comes through this laboratory. It must be tested carefully, and then I must appear on each case in court."

"How many samples have come in this morning?"

"I haven't had time to count."

The reporter made a rough estimate and declared that over 200 were on the tables outside.

"It will take a week to analyze them," asserted Mr. Kelly, "and three months in the courts to give evidence, provided there are no adjournments."

There are, it might take a year. If the same number come in tomorrow, what then?"

"It will take just that much longer."

The reporter figured that by the first of June Mr. Kelley would have enough to keep him busy until 1920, such cases must appear first in the Magistrates' courts, then for hearing before the Grand Jury, and finally for trial.

By this time, Mr. Kenney had returned with an automatic numbering machine, and he and a friend were busy numbering all the bottles and the papers attached. Kara Waterhouse was planning to work all night, and Mr. Kelly had phoned home that he might not be home before autumn. Otherwise, everything was normal, except that Charley, the elevator man, was bringing up cops with bottles at an astounding rate.

"I really don't know what we shall do," admitted Mr. Kenney. "You can see that five times the present force would be unable to cope with the situation, and undoubtedly the same amount of evidence will come here regularly from now on. I haven't the slightest idea what the solution will be."

**"MEANEST COP!"  
CRIES BARTENDER  
WHO "SETS 'EM UP"**

Stengler Arrested Twice in Few  
Hours by Partners in  
Hooch Hunt.

"THE meanest cop in New York, that's you!"

shouted John Stengler, bartender, forty-three, of No. 405 West 139th Street, arrested a second time within a few hours in the cafe at No. 2042 Third Avenue, charged with having liquor and serving it.

Policeman John Hennessy had arrested the bartender after Stengler had whispered to Hennessy over the bar in the cafe: "A drink? Sure. You don't look like a cop."

Hennessy alleges Stengler poured out a drink, then another, and even "set one up on the house." When the third had been passed out Hennessy showed his shield and took Stengler to the Morrisania Station.

Several hours earlier Hennessy's partner, Policeman Bobell, had arrested Stengler on a similar charge, which also forced him to put up \$500 bail.

**SPREES AND ABUSE  
CHARGED BY WIFE**

Mrs. Anna Bell, in Separation Suit  
Says \$25,000 Husband Gives  
Only \$15 Weekly.

Intermittent spree, continuous abuse and beatings in public, together with his familiarity with other women, are some of the allegations set forth by Mrs. Anna Bell of No. 1237 Madison Avenue in her separation suit against her husband, Edwin H. Bell, a stockholder in the Bell Bank Company. He enjoys an income of \$25,000, she charges, while she is forced to exist on \$15 a week. Bell is at the Commodore Hotel.

Bell, in his answer, denies all the charges except that he is paying his wife \$15 a week on a separation agreement of Dec. 13, 1917. Justice Newburger ordered Bell to submit to an examination as to his income and his holdings in the bar company, which his wife says are valued at \$100,000.

The Bells were married Oct. 23, 1913. Mrs. Bell says her husband was repeatedly cruel to her at their home at No. 610 Riverside Drive, at the Bonay Hotel and in public places in the presence of others. Once in November, 1917, while dining with friends at the Colosseum, the defendant threw a glass of wine into his wife's face. In May, 1917, at the El Comodoro Restaurant, he humiliated her, she declares, by kissing one of the performers.

At the same time a tangle has developed to puzzle the courts and prosecutors' offices, both State and

City. In the case of George F. Dunn, a bartender in the cafe of Frank Fitzgerald, No. 952 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, he was arrested on Friday by Detective Giardino. The detective did not buy any liquor from Dunn nor did he see Dunn sell any liquor. But he told the Court he found a bottle of whiskey concealed in the back room of the saloon.

A Sidney Gottman, counsel for Dunn, quoted court decisions on Section 1807 of the Penal Law, known as the Sullivan Law, which held that the fact that a pistol is found in a house or a room is not proof of the possession or ownership of the pistol by the occupant. The lawyer maintained that this principle of law applies to whiskey and that the detective had brought no proof that Dunn owned the bottle he produced or had ever seen it before it was found in the back room.

"I believe you are right," said the Magistrate. Dunn was discharged. Twenty additional indictments were found by the New York County Grand Jury to-day under the Mulligan-Gage Act and 143 cases await the action of that body. It is expected that before the end of the week there will be more than 200 cases awaiting trial in the Court of General Sessions. Inasmuch as each defendant is entitled to a jury trial and the arresting policeman will have to be in attendance a decided shrinkage in the working ranks of the police force is anticipated. Policemen in attendance at trials are on police duty and a policeman's working day is limited to eight hours.

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A huge buck deer, viewing the big waterfall at Cornell dam of the Croton reservoir of the New York City waterworks in Croton from a high rock ledge, lost its footing yesterday and plunged to death in the gorge 200 feet below.

It is said the buck weighed about 650 pounds. It came from Yorktown and stopped, as do sightseers, to look at the cataract going down the spillway of the dam, which, owing to spring rains, resembles Niagara Falls. The big deer stood watching the waterfall until it slipped off the rock. Its carcass was found.

**Child Killed in Brooklyn.**

Three-year-old John Gladis, No. 157 Knapp Street, Brooklyn, was burned to death this morning when he was playing with other children in the rear of No. 68 Ainslie Street, near his home. The children set fire to some rubbish and the boy went too close. Samuel Demmitt, No. 182 Union Avenue, wrapped the little sufferer in a blanket, but it was too late.

## POLICE MUST PROVE HOOCH OWNERSHIP, RULES MAGISTRATE

Brooklyn Barkeeper Freed on  
Plea Possession Not Enough  
Proof.

A decision rendered to-day by Magistrate O'Neill, in the Fifth Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, will, if generally followed and upheld, nullify virtually all arrests the police have made for possession of liquor in alleged violation of the Mulligan-Gage Act. Magistrate O'Neill held that ownership of liquor must be proven before a prosecution for possession can be brought.

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## WEEP, MILADY, IF YOU WANT BRIGHT EYES

Beauty Expert Says Tears in Moderation Impart Charming Lustre to Optics.

CHICAGO, April 12.

GIRLS, if you would have beautiful, sparkling eyes, just sit down and have a good weep at least once a week, is the advice given by Mme. Louise, beauty expert.

"Weeping in moderation strengthens the eyes," said Mme. Louise. "Tears have natural cleansing powers and impart a charming lustre to the orbs. The difficulty of deriving benefit from the natural tonic is that few people can weep at will. The best and most successful way to bring tears is to have a good laugh."

Federal Assistant District Attorney Unger, in conference with Federal attorneys concerning procedure against violators of the liquor laws, learned that during the year and three months prohibition has been in effect there have been one or two convictions by juries in the United States Court in Manhattan in "selling cases" resulting from the Volstead Act.

"The juries are simply incorrigible," said one of the United States attorneys in charge of liquor prosecutions. "We have had a number of saloon-keepers plead guilty of selling intoxicants and sent them to jail for fourteen days, but I can recall only one conviction by a jury in such a case. It is true we have had convictions for possessing and transporting liquor, but the penalty for each offense is a fine and not imprisonment, and I haven't known of a case where the defendant wasn't smilingly satisfied to pay the fine imposed."

The procedure of sending seized alleged whiskey and other liquors to the city chemist for analysis was followed in all police courts to-day. In a number of cases where the defendant was arraigned last week and his case was adjourned until to-day to await analysis of the evidence it was found the chemist had not completed the analysis and further adjournments were taken.

Joseph A. Allen, No. 48 West 83d Street, and Robert M. Stewart, No. 552 West 42d Street, were arraigned in Yorkville Police Court to-day and held in \$1,000 bail each on a charge of having 60 bottles of whiskey in their possession. Policeman Vincent found the liquor in an automobile driven by Stewart at Second Avenue and 57th Street. The automobile was confiscated by the police.

A Wertheimer, No. 355 East 163d Street, was the first wholesale liquor dealer in the Bronx to file with the County Clerk his permit, signed by Federal Prohibition Commissioner Kramer, authorizing him to sell and transport liquor. Under the Gage-Mulligan Law all wholesale dealers must file these permits within thirty days so that the authorities can keep a close watch on where liquor stocks are held. Five other Bronx dealers followed Wertheimer in filing their permits.

With sale over the bars of hooch, and in a very few places real whiskey, so nearly stopped, even to sell their own customers, a new means has been evolved to beat the law by some of the hotels with cafe attachments. Bottles containing one ounce of alcohol are brought in by a guest who registers from some other city. It is then left in the check room—the guest's property.

Pictures of Missing Mrs. Rankine to Be Circulated.

Circulars carrying a description and picture of Mrs. Annette Kingsley Rankine, No. 14 East 60th Street, who disappeared April 1 after leaving her automobile at 29th Street and Second Avenue, will be distributed throughout New York and its suburbs. It was announced to-day by Capt. John Ayres, head of the Missing Persons Bureau. The search party is being centered on the Long Island shore and wooded sections of Long Island. The police have not yet obtained the slightest trace of Mrs. Rankine.

## "Peggy" Hopkins Accused Of Plot in Suit by Joyce For Freedom and \$500,000



PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE,  
WIDE WORLD PHO

**Multi-Millionaire Lumber King  
Names Many in Annul-  
ment Action.**

CHICAGO, April 12.—"Peggy"

Hopkins, former "Follies" girl, must give back more than \$500,000 in money, jewels and property to James Stanley Joyce, multi-millionaire lumber king, if the courts grant his request in connection with a suit he has just filed in the Supreme Court here for annulment of his marriage to her at Miami, Fla., Jan. 23, 1920.

Joyce charges his marriage, two days after "Peggy's" alleged fraudulent divorce, was part of a conspiracy by which he was defrauded of nearly \$1,000,000. He names numerous correspondents, prominent in America and Europe.

Besides all that, Joyce says she was cruel to him and addicted to violent outbreaks of temper. He avers she struck him in Chicago and scratched him in Paris.

Peggy, who has been the wife of

two other multi-millionaires, a dancer, a singer, a movie star, an artist's model and a dress model, is charged with marrying Joyce for his money and with being the wife of Philbrick Hopkins at the time she married Joyce.

They went to Europe on their honeymoon. The bridegroom returned alone, and inserted notices in the New York papers he would not be responsible for his wife's debts.

Among the correspondents are "one Barton French," Henry Letellier, former owner of the Journal of Paris, "one Maurice, whose first name is to your orators unknown," "one E. James," Evans Spaulding and "divers other persons."

The romance with Barton French is said to have been at Torquay, England, and various other places during June and July, 1920.

There is recorded in the bill a Pullman car episode with Letellier upon the train entering and leaving Venice, and incidents at "various other places on the Continent of Europe in or about July, August, September and October, 1920."

On Oct. 10, 1920, in London, Eng-

land, and also on other dates, it is

charged, she was intimate with Maurice, her dancing partner.

The alleged affair with Spaulding occurred at No. 423 Park Avenue, New York, during the months of November, December and January, and at Palm Beach during February and March.

Peggy is twenty-seven years old, but has been getting married since she was seventeen. She is slight, decidedly blonde, has blue-gray eyes and is bewitchingly pretty.

She was Miss Marguerite Upton of Norfolk, Va., when she ran away with Everett Archer of Denver, Col., to Belair, Md. They were married six months.

Millionaire husband number two was Sherburne G. Hopkins Jr. of Washington, lawyer and representative of most of the big oil and mining interests of Mexico. He had already had matrimonial experience, having married Miss Margaret Maury of Baltimore. The marriage was annulled.

Peggy was nineteen then and thought she could be happy with Hopkins's millions. She eloped with him. But in March, 1915, she ran away to New York to earn her living on the stage.

She explained at length that millionaires were horrid things, ad wrapped up in coupons and bonds and mergers and business of all kinds. They had no time to give to a sweet girl wife. She was left to her own devices, and it was so lonesome in those big mansions with nothing to do except go motoring or golfing or riding or swimming or making social calls, and nobody around but half a dozen maids and butlers and things to wait on one.

Then she married Joyce, with but one interlude. Another Hopkins, it appears, in the matter of husbands.

As Joyce tells the story in the bill, Peggy was the wife of Philbrick Hopkins when he (Joyce) met her. Joyce was known to be a millionaire. Peggy "had no means and was compelled to engage in the business of play acting to obtain a livelihood."